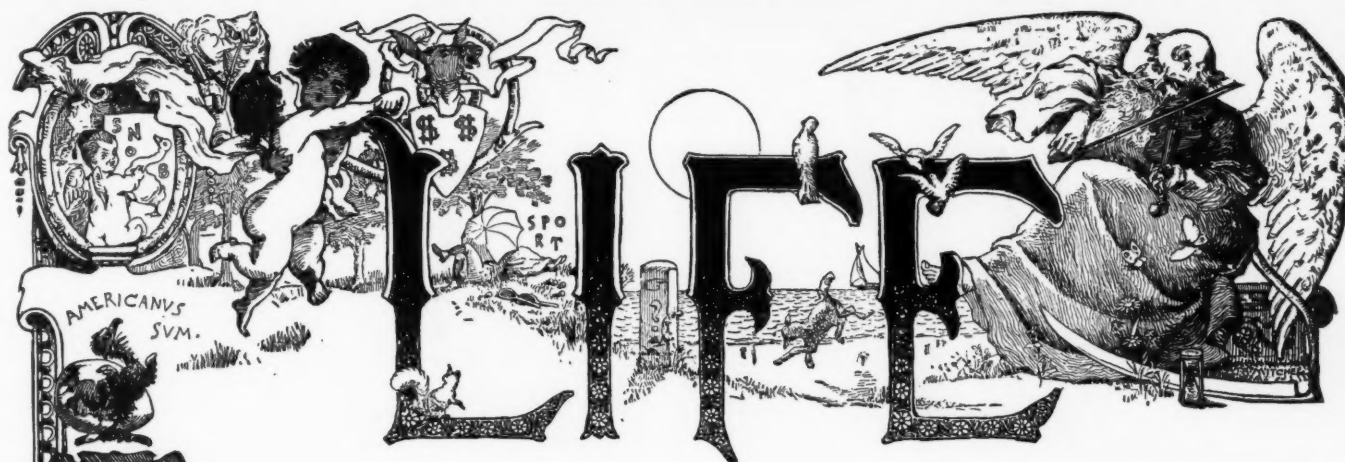


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"DEAR ME, NO! WHY, AT THE END OF THE YEAR I MIGHT NOT WANT TO MARRY HIM."

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VOLUME XXVI.

• LIFE •

NUMBER 665.



"A MAN HAS NO IDEA HOW MEAN OTHER PEOPLE CAN BE TILL HE ASKS THEM TO DO HIM A FAVOR."
"NOR HOW STRONG-MINDED HE CAN BE TILL HIS WIFE ASKS HIM FOR ONE."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

MRS. FAIRVIEW: Doctor, do you think my husband fully realizes his condition?

THE DOCTOR: I do. He asked me to-day if I was a married man.

THE TRIALS OF FRIENDSHIP.

WIFE (*to husband in difficulties*): Why don't you ask help from Griggs? He once said you could rely on him as long as he had a crust in the house.

HUSBAND (*who knows Griggs*): Yes, he meant my house.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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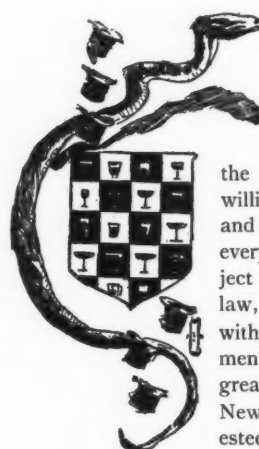
THE conversion of Senator Mills, of Texas, to a belief in sound money on a gold basis is a cheering incident of the times. He is, and is entitled to be, a man of influence in the Southwest, and it is possible that his example may become epidemic. If only a sufficient number of the members of the next congress can be brought to their financial senses, the country may get the legislation that it needs, Uncle Sam may be permitted to retire from the banking business, and we may be happy yet.



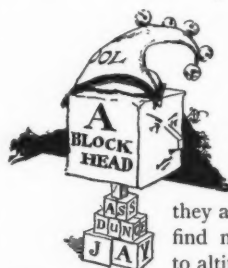
LIFE'S hope that if Valkyrie was beaten in the races for the America's Cup she might be beaten to her owner's satisfaction, was not destined to be realized. Defender won, and it seems to her friends that there can be no reasonable doubt that she is the better boat, so that there was no miscarriage of justice. But the manner of her winning gave satisfaction to none. Lord Dunraven had some cause to grumble. It is not denied that the excursion boats were troublesome, and that to their crowding was due the foul that made a mess of the second race. But it is hard not to believe that his respected lordship disliked overmuch to be beaten, and that there was a measure of sulkiness in his refusal to go over the course on the day of the third race. If he could have won the cup his victory would have been popular; but the manner of his losing it, though excuses can be made for him, is not popular at all.

New York is mortified that in spite of the best endeavors of her yachtsmen, it was not possible wholly to protect her marine race-course from intrusion, or to cause

inconclusive races to be resailed. She believes, that in spite of all impediments, it was possible to determine by races in her waters whether Valkyrie or Defender was the better boat. To have the determination reached by a race, a decision and a walk-over has fairly turned her stomach.



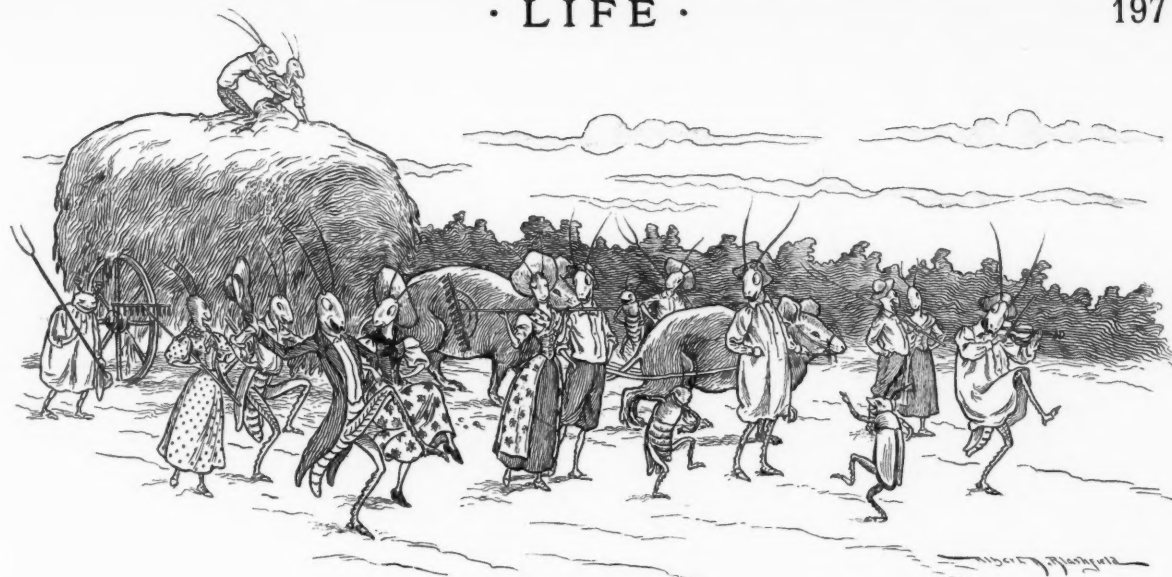
SUNDAY closing for the saloons, it appears, is to be Sunday closing for the clubs also. It will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to enforce the no-Sunday-liquor law in the clubs unless the members are willing. All the same, LIFE hopes and expects to see the law enforced in every place in New York that is subject to it. The effort to enforce that law, so long as it is a law, is of a piece with the effort to procure good government for the City of New York. The great majority of the members of New York clubs are far more interested in good local government than they are in Sunday drinks. They should be ready to hold up the hands of the police commissioners even at some cost of personal indulgence or convenience to themselves.



THE embarrassment of the owners of tall buildings at the difficulty of getting water into their top stories, is one that the general public is disposed to endure with considerable resignation. Let them have as much water as they are willing to pay for, and let them find means as best they can to put it up to altitudes convenient for their use. The natural water supply for excessively high altitudes is the clouds. There will be no interference with the owner of any tall building who cares to catch a cloud and tie it up to the roof of his structure for use as a reservoir, provided he does not let it slop over on to folks in the street below.

IT is a long time since New York has entertained a more instructive visitor than Dr. Forbes Winslow. He has talked freely and we have listened and read freely; our admiration for his talents and acquirements being no whit diminished by astonishment at some of the opinions attributed to him by the newspapers. It turns out that he declines to father the distressing assertions he was said to have made about the effect of bicycles on women.

OUR Mr. Pillsbury appears to be a very competent chess-player. He had no occasion, it seems, to complain of lack of elbow-room in the tournament at Hastings.



"HARVEST-HOME."

A GOOD GAME FOR THE YOUNG.

IN Central Park there is a beautiful lake where the water is very smooth.

Why not have the next international yacht race there? Thus the excursion boat nuisance would be entirely avoided.

True, the boats would necessarily have to be toy boats; but in view of certain recent developments, LIFE thinks that toy boats are, after all, the best things for children to play with.

INSENSIBLE.



CLEVERTON: You don't mean to tell me that you passed the night with Plankington in his New Jersey home, and didn't mind the mosquitoes?

DASHAWAY: I do. After the first one bit me, I lost consciousness.

EMPLOYER: Why did you people elect your walking delegate to Congress?

WORKMAN: To save ourselves the expense of supporting him.



A COSMOPOLITAN FACE.

A DIFFERENCE IN TERMS.

TEACHER: What is an Indian massacre?

BOBBY BRIGHT: It's when the Indians surprise the whites and kill them.

"And when the whites surprise the Indians and kill them——"

"That's a battle."



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TRANSFORMATION.

BUT yesterday my lady's bower
Was sweet with odors rare
That many a bright and fragrant flower
Distilled upon the air.

To-day we scent no trace whate'er
Of nature's sweet perfume ;
No odorous incense find we there
Within my lady's room.

Instead, her soul with pain is racked ;
Her form is doubly bent,
And arnica and Pond's Extract
Are greatly prevalent.

Around her head soft lint's applied
With liniments that heal.
Alas ! The fatal hour she tried
To learn to ride a wheel !

AFTER HIM.

SHE: So you sat down in the only
chair in the room.

HE: Yes. I didn't want to keep
her standing.

THE IMPRESSIONIST AND THE
WIDOWED LADY.

SIX CONVERSATIONS.—V.

"IT'S very odd," she said, "but I thought
you would come in to-day."

I couldn't tell if she were satirical or not, but
considering this was my fifth consecutive daily
visit, I was suspicious.

"It was merely an accident," I equivocated,
and made her angry.

"Now, I want you to understand," she said,
"that I started out in a pleasant humor this
afternoon, and that if I'm disagreeable it's be-
cause you were horrid in your very first speech."

"I didn't mean to be," I said very meekly,
"but to be honest, I heard you were with the
Lindsays at the opera last night, and Jack
Piffleton sat beside you the whole evening—
never moved once, no matter who came into
the box. If you didn't want him by you the
entire evening you could have rid yourself
of him."

"In Heaven's name, how? Tell me, so
that in another such emergency I may be pre-
pared."

"You could have talked to people across
him or behind him; or if the worst came to
the worst, you could have devoted yourself to
the opera."

"That is exactly what I did do. I'm sure
I never before heard so much of an opera at a
single representation! It was *Die Gotter
Damerung*, and at the end I felt I knew the
whole thing as well as I *did* Faust!"

"I don't believe you," I said emphatically.

"You never believe me, you know," she
smilingly answered.

"You always listen to the operas."

"Always to *one* act one evening, and choose
a different act each time, so that by the end of
the season I am almost sure to have heard
every opera through once!"

"That's absurd! You are well known for
your love and knowledge of music. Why pre-
tend ignorance?"

"I've heard it was so becoming!"

"Nonsense!"

"Really! Do you appreciate that your last
three replies to me have been: 'I don't be-
lieve you,' 'That's absurd,' and 'Nonsense!'
I shall become angry!"

"I love you angry!"

"Then I won't be."

"But, come, acknowledge you are a deeply
died Wagnerite."

"I hope I don't look like Aubrey Beardsley's
picture of them in the *Yellow Book*."

"Nobody looks like Aubrey Beardsley's
pictures!"

"Oh, I don't know. Wait till you finish
Mrs. Nooton's portrait. If it's a good likeness,
you may find yourself classed among the
degenerates!"

"I have half a mind to behave like Whistler
and Mrs. Mackay, and cut up Mrs. Nooton's
portrait."

"I wouldn't bother. Leave that to the
critics; they'll do it for you. Besides, do you
think you paint well enough to behave like
Whistler?"

"I *knew* you didn't like my work!"

"That speech of mine was not kind," she
said, actually blushing. "I'm sorry for it, and
to punish myself I shall tell you honestly about
my opinion of your pictures."

I was frightened, but I begged her to go on.



"PRAISE BE TO THE LORD! I'VE GOT RID OF THAT COUNTER-
FEIT COIN WHAT'S BEEN A-TROUBLIN' MY CONSCIENCE FER THE
LAST FOUR MONTHS."



"GOL DARN HIS OLD HIDE! EF HE HASN'T BEEN SHOVIN' THE
QUEER ON ME."

"Well," she said, "the truth is I like you personally so *very* much, I don't dare *trust* myself to criticize your painting. If there were faults all over it, like advertisements on the rocks up the Hudson, I shouldn't see them."

I almost gasped for breath with which to speak quickly before she could interrupt, but she realized my intention and spoke first.

"No," she urged, "don't. What I said is quite true, but it wasn't easy for me to tell it you, and if you took advantage of it, I'd never forgive you!"

"Why?" I asked, not altogether understanding her.

"I don't know. I should feel as if I'd hinted, n—er—led you on."

I actually laughed. This seemed so ridiculous.

"I don't think you read my thoughts very well," she suggested, "or else I disguise them very successfully. I've sometimes thought I *would* make a good actress. What do you think?"

"That depends. What sort of an actress?"

"Oh, of course, a leading one, a star, or something of that sort."

"But emotional, I mean, or comedy, or a song and dance *artiste*?"

"Oh, either or all. Amateurs, you know, never limit themselves!"

"Then you are not serious?"

"Of course not! Music-struck and book-struck, and picture-struck, I may be, but not stage-struck—except to go to the theatre. That I confess I *do* enjoy. But one thing I am sure of, if I were an actress I should insist on playing the naughty ladies. They always have the best parts. I don't know why it is, but good ladies on the stage are usually so dull, the naughty ladies never. I wonder why? Have

you any idea? Why is it that the naughty one is always witty and bright and perfectly dressed—up to the last act, and beautiful, always beautiful, even up to the end; and the poor, good one, is sing-songy usually, and a little old—just a little, say under the chin—and wears dresses buttoned up the back, or bad wigs, or cheaper clothes, or something different. It isn't so in real life. Now, is it? Bad women overdress themselves almost surely, and as for absolute choice give me a good woman always. How do you feel about it?"

"Oh!" I rang in, "give me a good woman for always, will you," and I held out my hand.

She waved it aside, with a sweet, whimsical look that saved my feelings.

"Of course," she said, "I know there are some men who *prefer* common law wives!"

"Oh, no, it is the common law wives who prefer them!"

"Do you believe in actors and actresses marrying?"

"I believe in anybody marrying."

"What would all the old maids say to that?"

"Thank you!" Probably."

"And the old bachelors?"

"Go to the d—!"

"Really!" she exclaimed, as if honestly surprised. "Why do you make that difference between them?"

"The old bachelors bear a grudge against the ceremony, because they've all been refused by the right woman; but the old maids have only themselves to blame if they rejected the right man, and so they are more lenient all round. I wonder if I shall be an old bachelor?"

"I know at least two girls who'd jump at you."

"Pretty?"

"No—not exactly, still the man who paints Mrs. Nooton would have no right to object."

"Young?"

"No—at least not very—that is—well, no."

"Have they an appreciation of art?"

"No, but one has enough money to buy all the pictures you'll ever paint. The other is poor but very healthy; has all the domestic virtues."

"And you think I have a chance with them?"

"I don't want to flatter you, but I believe if you hurry you have. It will be a case of first come first served."

"And you advise?"

The joke had been carried too far, and we were both of us "on edge."

"I advise you, either or both," she said.

"Thank you again. You have paid me a great compliment." I rose. So did she, as she spoke.

"It was unintentional. I apologize."

"I accept your apology." I bowed.

"How dare you," she said, flushing, "how dare you take an apology from *me*. You should have said the fault was all yours."

"It is," I started to go, then I turned around impulsively. "I am quite unsettled," I said, "and I haven't the slightest idea what it's all about," and I looked at her dolefully.

"Neither have I," she answered, with lips that trembled—from laughter or tears, I don't know which, or perhaps half and half. At that moment another visitor was announced.

"I meant to have left word I was not in," she murmured, as I passed her; and I wrote "to-morrow at four" on a card, and taking a bunch of my flowers out of a vase in the hall sent them into her with the pasteboard doubled round them.

Clyde Fitch.



"SAY, SON, I'LL GIVE YE A NICE, BIG SILVER DOLLAR FOR THEM TWO CHICKENS."



"HORRAY, POP! I SWAPPED BOTH YOUR CHICKENS FER A WHOLE BIG DOLLAR."







THE SUMMER GIRL.



THE GENERAL SITUATION.

UP to date the dramatic season seems to be more in the future than in fact. To be sure, most of the theatres are open, but the early-comers, like early-comers always, are simply sitting around waiting for something to happen. The real events of the dramatic year are to come later.



ONE very present fact is that we have to pay more for our theatricals than we have been paying. The movement started by Mr. Daly seems to be popular—that is, with managers—and every theatre that can claim a success is advancing the price of its seats to two dollars each. There is no reason why they shouldn't make it five. The Theatre-goers' Protective Union hasn't been organized yet, but it is bound to come, and meanwhile the managers should grab every dollar they can.

"TRILBY" didn't seem a book that could be successfully dramatized, but Mr. Du Maurier's character-drawing was so perfect that the faithful reproduction of his people carries along a not especially dramatic story. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" Mr. Anthony Hope wrote a story which was all dramatic action. In fact the abundance of action and plot made such an embarrassment of dramatic riches that to make a play of the book and tell the story seemed almost an impossibility. In "Trilby" the success came from exactly reproducing the author's creations. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" the success comes from a series of snapshots which are only reminiscent of the characters in Mr. Hope's book.

BUT "The Prisoner of Zenda" is very interesting. The dramatist has caught the really salient features of Mr. Hope's story and has made the author's characters walk and talk. There is so much in the book that it couldn't all be put into the limits of even a five-act play, but Mr. Rose has made a *resumé* of the story which holds the auditor's interest from the beginning to the end of the piece.

Mr. E. H. Sothorn as the two *Rudolfs* makes a stronger claim to consideration as an artist than in anything that he has done. Hitherto Mr. Sothorn has not gone much above the appreciation of the matinee girl, but in the reproduction of Mr. Hope's hero he presents a stage character in such



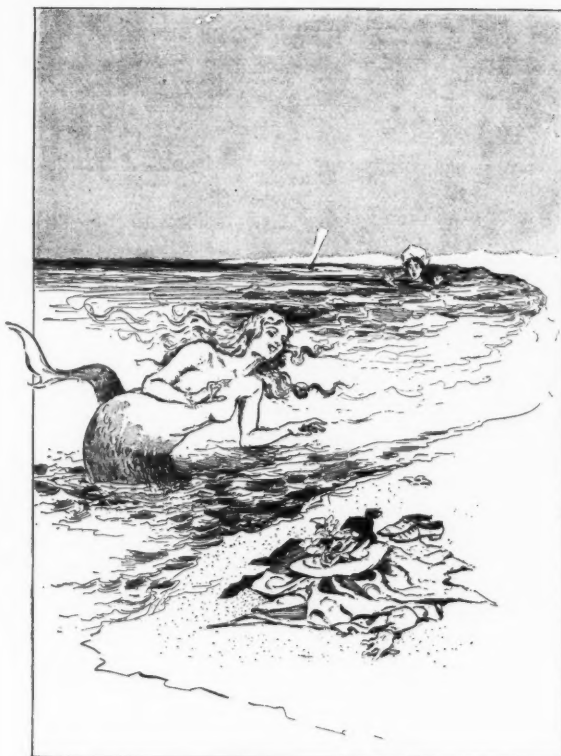
HOW A BATHER

fashion that we are bound to recognize in him an actor who is entitled to the name of artist. The play is excellently cast and well staged.

IN "The Chieftain" we have Mr. F. C. Burnand without his italics. Take Mr. Burnand away from the columns of *Punch*, where he can indicate the points of his jokes by italics, and we have a very dreary humorist indeed. Granting, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Burnand's libretto is stupid and pointless, we are further forced to admit that Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical score is quite on a level with the book. The catching airs and exquisite harmonies which mark his other compositions are distinctly not to be found in "The Chieftain."

If stage "make-up" would carry a piece this opera ought to be a great success. There is enough rouge and black and white plastered on Mr. Wilson's company to mar or decorate any ten-story building in the world. Light opera is largely a matter of paint and powder, but in the present instance those luxuries of the stage are so extravagantly indulged in that they become grotesque.

Mr. Burnand's humor is so heavy that it depresses even Mr. Francis Wilson. Mr. Wilson's vivacity is well known, but it is not equal to the burden which "The Chieftain" makes it carry.



LOST SOME



SUMMER CLOTHING.

There seems to be no real reason for the further existence of "The Chieftain." It is not musical, it is not funny, and none but an American audience would endure it.

* * *

HENRY IRVING is here, and the custom house people let him bring in his brand new title without duty. Whether they regarded it as a theatrical "property" does not appear, but it is only fair to Sir Henry to say that he seems to bear his honor meekly. His is one of the few instances where the man decorates the title rather than the title the man.

* * *

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S training has made a number of stars. Whether Miss May Irwin can or would claim to be a graduate of Mr. Daly's school remains to be decided. That she was a member of his company and that she has become a star are undisputed facts. Whether the facts have any interdependence is another story, to be told respectively by Mr. Daly and Miss Irwin.

"The Widow Jones" is entitled to serious consideration because it is so funny. So many plays and so many people try to be funny without succeeding that when we encounter a success in the funny line it is quite worth recording. "The Widow Jones," and Miss May Irwin in the title part, produce so much laughter that both are entitled to be listed as benefactors in a world which is not all smiles. The piece is

nonsense from beginning to end, but it is really laughable nonsense and may therefore be relished by the wisest men.

Metcalfe.

THE IMPORTANT PART.

MAY: Of course he loves me. He kissed me when he came.

JULIA: But did he kiss you when he left?



FLECKENSTEIN NEVER APPRECIATED HIS SHAPE UNTIL THE CRADLE GOT OUT OF REPAIR.



A HONEYMOON TALK.

"HOW RIDICULOUS YOU WERE WHEN YOU PROPOSED TO ME! WHY DID YOU GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES?"
 "I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COME AND SIT IN MY LAP."



EDITOR (*sneeringly*): And I thought you were a newspaper man!

"DO you think he is after my money?"
 "Shouldn't wonder. He told me he was figuring on marrying you."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

SANDSTONE: Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?

FIDDLEBACK: Yes. How did you know?
 "I saw her going into a chiropodist's this morning."

HE WAS WRONG.

REPORTER: You want me to invade the privacy of this man's home, listen at the keyhole, pry open the doors, waylay him in the hall, bribe the servants—anything to find out what the trouble is between him and his wife. No, sir, I won't do it!

AN INGENIOUS LORD.

GOOD sailors all with one accord
 Since yachts were sailed, have said
 There's but one way to win a race:
 By coming in ahead.

But here's Dunraven, gallant lord,
 His British skill displays,
 By showing how to lose a race
 Three different kinds of ways.

W. J. R.

EDUCATED.

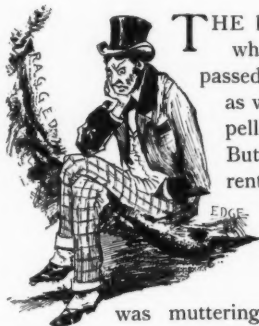
MADGE: I remember a few years ago that she was seeking a hero.

MARJORIE: She's got bravely over that. She's now on the lookout for a fool with plenty of money.



"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD."

HIS RUIN.



THE hall of the city council was full of enthusiastic women, who cheered aloud as the new mayoress read the law just passed, providing that every woman should bear her own name as well as her husband's, and that every man should be compelled to assume his wife's name as a prefix to his own. But among the plaudits of the crowd there were under-currents of protest. Mrs. Montmorency—now Mrs. Boggs-Montmorency—pulled down her veil impatiently. She had married Montmorency mainly to get rid of the name of Boggs, and now—she frowned as she passed out, jostling an old man, who, feebly shaking his head, was muttering to himself: "Lost! lost! lost! Hopkinson-Wilberforce-Rotterbottom-Vanderdecken—and only three by six! No! No!"—his voice rose to a wail.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Boggs-Montmorency, not unkindly.

"Oh, madam," said the old man, "mock me not with the semblance of sympathy. You and your sisters have done this—the stronger sex, that ever tramples on the weaker. Listen!" and he seized her arm feverishly. "I am Wrinkler, the soap man. Have you not all seen my name upon the oblong cake that marks the advent of washing day in every home? That name was my trade-mark, my living, my all! And now, now," his voice rose in shrill anger, "under your accursed law I am ruined! Four times have I been married—once to a Hopkinson, again to a Wilberforce, then to a Rotterbottom, and now to a Vanderdecken. Ha! ha!" he laughed wildly, "Hopkinson-Wilberforce-Rotterbottom-Vanderdecken-Wrinkler's Soap!—and this upon a three by six cake! It is beyond the power of man, beyond the help of science! I am ruined and undone! Lost! Lost! Lost!" And wringing his wrinkled hands, he rushed away, while the applause of the unthinking crowd within still lingered upon the air.

P. Leonard.

TWO KISSES.

HE.

BELOW me in the garden there
She treads the winding path,
And all the world seems newly fair,
Such wondrous ways Love hath.
I am not seen: were I to throw
A kiss, 'twould be no harm,
Since as the thing she'd never know
She could not take alarm.

SHE.

There at the window high he works
And with no thought nor care
That here amongst the flowers lurks
A maid who thinks him fair.
Were I to throw a kiss to him
Unmaidenly 'twould be;
But modesty no need to dim—
If he should fail to see.

BOTH.

Go little kiss to those dear lips
And nestle there awhile,
And mayhap at thy gentle sips
They'll greet thee with a smile;
Then hasten back and bear with thee
Some little echo for me;
Fly, little kiss, fly speedily—

HE { Great Scott! The deuce! She } saw me!
SHE { Oh my! Oh dear! He }

Richard Stillman Powell.

"YOU say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife."



"THE ELEMENTS WERE SO MIXED IN HIM
THAT NATURE MIGHT STAND UP AND SAY TO
ALL THE WORLD, THIS was a MAN!"—Shakespeare.



THE MODERN MAID.

"I AM a-weary, mother dear,
Enfeebled and o'er-worn;
I cannot wield a broom, I fear,
Nor pull and husk the corn.
" 'Twould jeopardize my health to make
The beds or can the fruit,
Or help you dust, or sew, or bake,
Ere I my strength recruit."
Thus spake the maiden, gave a cough,
To strengthen her appeal,
Then donned her bloomers and rode off
Ten miles upon her wheel.

—Richmond Dispatch.

ONE night, several years ago, there was a fire in a commission house. The contents were almost totally destroyed, and the loss, as figured by the insurance adjusters, was quite large. After an estimate had been made a member of the firm brought in a claim for an additional loss, saying that a large number of egg cases had been burned. These cases had recently been shipped in, and the house was responsible for them. After some haggling an extra allowance of \$450 was made on account of these cases for shipping eggs.

At least five years after that the member of the firm who had put in the special claim called at the office of the insurance company and said he wanted to ease his conscience

as to an item in the insurance adjustment. The egg cases destroyed had belonged to various shippers, and they had been induced to accept the loss, so that it was nothing more than right that the \$450 insurance money should be returned to the company.

This unusual exhibition of delayed honesty affected the insurance manager greatly, and he asked the commission man what had induced him to return the money after such a long interval.

"Well, I'm going out of business," was the reply, "and I want to leave everything square and in good condition."

A few days later the brother (who was also the business partner) of the man with the conscience came to the insurance office and asked: "Did my brother come around here the other day and pay you \$450?"

"Yes, sir; he refunded that insurance money which was paid under—a misapprehension, as you might say. Is there anything wrong about it?"

"Oh, no, nothing wrong; only when he collected that money he had it credited to his personal account, and now he has refunded it out of the firm's money."—Chicago Record.

"BEFO' de war" a negro boy who was sharply reproved for having stolen and eaten a turkey replied:

"Well, massa, you see you got less turkey, but you got dat much more niggah!"—Youth's Companion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

A WOMAN WHO DID NOT. By Victoria Cross. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Side Talks with Girls. Ruth Ashmore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Viol of Love. By Charles Newton Robinson. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

Yellow and White. By W. Carlton Dawe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The White Wampum. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

The Money We Need. By Henry Loomis Nelson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Start in Life. By Honore De Balzac. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley.

Captain Mandeville. By John R. McMahon. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Works of John Galt. With Introduction by S. R. Crockett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

What Makes a Friend? Compiled by Volney Streamer. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

In Friendship's Name. Compiled by Volney Streamer. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

A DAILY paper published the following correction of an article which had appeared in its columns the previous day:

"Yesterday we gave the particulars of a fire which had occurred in the town of Barric, mentioning the names of the victims. Having obtained further information, we hasten to rectify certain inaccuracies in the report of the sad event. There were no victims, since the fire in question never took place. We may add that the town of Barric does not exist."—Ex.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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A luxury is "Anything which pleases the senses and is also costly or difficult to obtain."

Ivory Soap pleases the senses, but is neither costly nor difficult to obtain. Your grocer keeps it.

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Our Complete Winter Exhibit
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Not at their best of best, but heaped up as you never saw them before in mid-September.

Under the clear, mellow light of the Rotunda are some of the most exquisite Dress Stuffs that ever came to a counter; marvels of weavers' wit, dainty as the feathering of a butterfly. We welcome you to look at them—buy or not, as you choose.

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Choice of the choice; woven pictures. Think of all that can be said to lift description to the level of superlative deserving—still too weak for the facts.

3,500 yds. Lyons all-silk Persian and cashmere effects in Gauffre, 27 in. at 50c. yd. Just the thing for fancy waists.

50 pieces new brocade and striped changeable Taffetas, all the new combines. Would be cheap at 85c.; we say 58c. while they last.

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The lines of new fancy Silks at 75c., 85c., 88c., 95c., \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 are marvellous in style, quality

and exclusiveness. New ideas from foreign and domestic looms almost every day. New Taffeta Plaids and Checks at \$1.15 and \$1.25.

BLACK SILKS—20 new designs in satin figured Gros Grains, 21 in., 95c. instead of \$1.25.

24 in. black Habutai Brocades, many new designs, at 75c.

Black Taffetas, special lines, at 58c., 65c. and 75c. yd.

85 pieces 19 in. pure silk face Velvets, great variety of shades, at 95c. instead of \$1.50.

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Almost as wonderful as the great assortment is the richness and the beauty of the styles. Surely looms never wrought such yards of loveliness before. And the absurd part is the prices—so low that you may think we've made mistakes.

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MANY BEAUTIFUL FACES ARE MARRED by growths of disfiguring hair, and doubtless a majority of ladies so afflicted endure painful embarrassment rather than use any preparation for the removal of such blemishes because of the fear of injurious results.

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Without the slightest injury, as it acts only on the Hair, leaving the Skin as smooth, white and clean as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it.

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CLERK (with dignity): You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the international purchasing agency two doors to the left.—*Tit-Bits.*



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{Spring}
{No. 1.}

For Atonic Dyspepsia, Diseases of Women, Malarial Poisoning, &c.

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Dr. H. compares the water of Spring No. 1 with that of a very celebrated water, and adds the following:

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"I have observed marked sanative effects from the Buffalo Water in Malarial Cachexia, Atonic Dyspepsia, some of the peculiar affections of women, Hysteria, Anemia, Hypochondriasis, Cardiac Palpitations, etc. It has been especially efficacious in Chronic Intermittent Fever, numerous cases of this character, which had obstinately withstood the usual remedies, having been restored to perfect health in a brief space of time by a sojourn at the Springs."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

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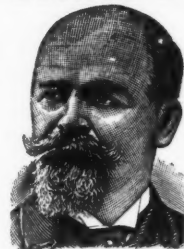
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